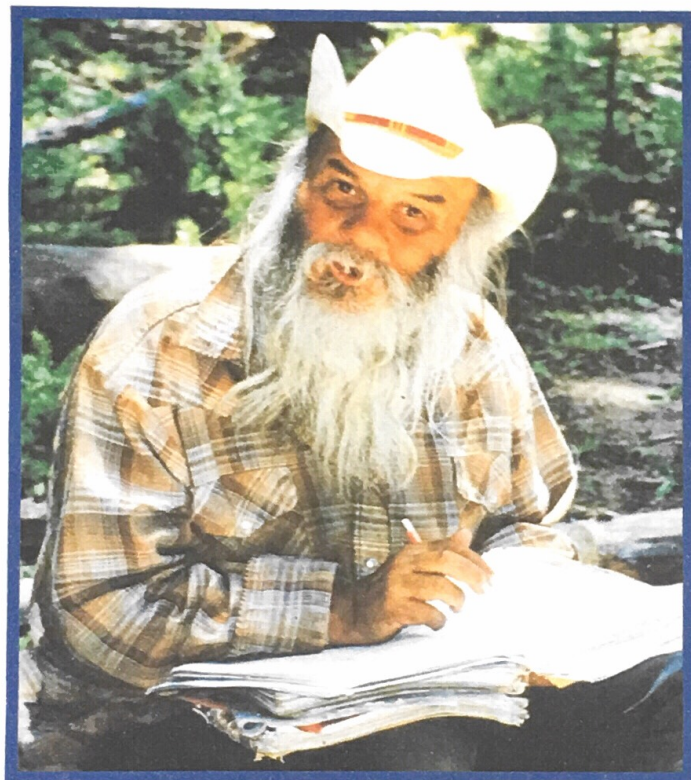




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.

Scanned in 2018.

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07.D VICKI GOLDEN BEAR - "Rainbow
UnTogetherness"
- interviewed at the Arizona
Gathering in 1979

VICKI GOLDEN BEAR- Rainbow Untogetherness

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[Vicki is one of those who were arrested at the 1975 Arkansas Gathering. She told her life story at the Arizona Gathering in 1979. A couple of days before that, she had given up being a follower of Peter the Prophet, a former Christ Family member who was trying to start his own group.]

VICKI

I was born in Corona, California, in 1957, April Fool's Day. My father was a laborer at the time - a construction worker on bridges. Later on he owned a furniture store. He's from Arkansas. I have two older brothers and two younger brothers and a younger sister. I grew up in Riverside, Cal. - in the same house till I was 16. We were in the suburbs. We had four acres - a lot of room to play. It wasn't like being on the streets. We had chickens and goats and a cow. We had a big house - nice and comfortable.

My folks used to send us kids to Pentecostal Sunday School in walking distance. They didn't go. To ruin the whole story, my father used to get drunk and come home and raise hell. So my mother and father got divorced when I was around nine or ten. My father tried to molest me around then. Then my dad started going to Alcoholics Anonymous and realized what he was doing to me was wrong. We started praying together to make him stop doing what he was doing to me. We knew it was sick - it was freaking me out. He quit drinking and got really into God.

This was the time I started getting heavily into church and God and being saved by Jesus Christ. I used to love going to church - every meeting Sunday morning, Sunday night, Wednesday night, Friday night. I had medals for memorizing the most Scripture verses. I spoke in tongues a lot and sang in tongues. It was real for me then. It could be now if I got into it. It was so high, man. I felt like a feather when I walked out of church. My favorite part of the whole meeting was singing. But the sermons bummed me out - except the revivals would be fun.

Then my father started smoking pot and hash and got remarried to a lady with two kids. My older brothers were getting heavily into dope and women, growing their hair long, freaking my mother out. She would find their fits [needles] and drugs and they would be sniffing glue. Then my mother found another boyfriend in a bar - which was really a bummer for her. They didn't get along too well. He was always drunk.

When I got about 12, we got a donkey. Riding the donkey was really fun for about two or three years. Me and my girlfriends would go up in the hills and go skinny dipping and ride horses and that donkey of mine. That was my favorite thing then.

After about 12, I started getting out of the church and into the world. I wanted to smoke dope and have fun. My brother was a big pot dealer. He'd deal hundreds of pounds at a time. I was getting into hanging around with my girlfriend and getting stoned. I started fighting with my mother a lot. She didn't like me hanging out with my girlfriends. We would hang out with boys, but I didn't want to make love to anybody. I was waiting for a lover.

My mother got pregnant by her drunk boyfriend and had the baby, but he wouldn't marry her. He continued to stay around the house. He lived off of us and wouldn't work. He would bring his three sons by his last marriage over and we would smoke dope in the garage where my brother's room was and smooch and play around all night.

My father had moved to a farm in northern California and had goats and in the summer us kids would go and stay with him. He grew the best pot I ever smoked. He was starting to take acid and get into orgies.

I became like the mama of the house where my mother lived. I had to cook and cleanup and take care of my little brothers or I couldn't go out and party. Everybody liked my cooking better than my older brothers'.

I had stopped going to church completely by the time I was 14. I was starting to drink a little at my girlfriend's. Then one of my brother's friends had just gotten out of reform school. He didn't have no place to stay. My mother took him in. She had a good heart. She was always taking people in off the street. I fell in love with my brother's friend. Me and him was smooching a lot. We started making love. I was a virgin until then. It freaked my mother out. My father knew what was happening and talked my mom into taking me to the doctor to get birth control pills.

So my boyfriend was with us for six months and then got a job and moved in with his buddies. I started spending every weekend with them, smoking dope and eating acid and making love. My boyfriend was a musician. He played guitar and harmonica. His best buddy played drums. We had our little clan and we did a lot of music. I sang and danced. We had so much fun. Those were my fonnest days.

I was around 15. I still had duties cleaning and cooking at home. Then when I was 16, my mother sold the house and moved north. I stayed and moved in with my boyfriend and my older brother. So I went to school a little while - not long. My boyfriend was going to college then and I ended up hanging around college with him. We started getting into orgies, making love to other people. It started when my boyfriend, Lance, went up north and made love to my father's wife. Then he met this good buddy at college who lived in a canyon on a dirt road with spring water. So we went to visit Lance's buddy. We dropped acid and I ended up falling in love with Lance's buddy Jay, I thought. Me and Lance moved into the buddy's house. All these gypsies from the road moved in and I quit school. I was 17.

We had fun. I started eating jimson weed a lot. Then I started hitchhiking a lot with Lance's buddy Jay and my girlfriends around California. Me and Jay went to Mexico for a month and I realized then I couldn't stand him no more. He was trying to own me. I took off with some other buddies to Arizona in a pickup.

We went to the Grand Canyon, went to Jerome, Arizona. Then we ended up back down in Phoenix. The friends I had been staying with decided to stay in Phoenix, so I hitch hiked back with my puppy to the house. I had been staying in California in the country. When I got back there, Jay was still in charge of the house and I wasn't into being his old lady, so he kicked me out on the road right away.

So I decided to hitch hike up to northern California and stay with my father a while. I met the first Rainbow person I had ever seen as I was hitching out of Bakersfield - Rotten Rod. He picked me up and asked if I was Rainbow. He told me about the gathering in Arkansas. He wanted me to travel on the road with him in his bus, but I was tired and wanted to stay at my dad's. This was in the fall, 1974. So I kicked back at my dad's for about six months to mellow out. I met a boy friend there in the spring with him and still wanted to go to the gathering. So Rotten Rod to my surprise came by in the spring and asked me if I still wanted to go to the gathering and I said, "Yeah".

So we went to the Nevada City, California, area in the Sierra Mountains. I ended up staying on this lady's lands in the mountains. Me and Rod didn't hang out together. He went on his way.

I met a lot of hippie country gypsies in the area, had a lot of fun and partied for a couple of months. It was time for the gathering, so me and this lady decided to hitch hike to Arkansas. We got there around the 29th of June. Me and a guy named Manuel got thrown in jail for going nude at the gathering. The cop pulled a gun on me, but I wasn't scared. He wouldn't have shot me, I don't think. We stayed in jail for eight days. They weren't that nice, but they weren't that mean. We were sure glad to get out. We went to a little farm in Snowball, Arkansas, and another one in Chimes, Arkansas, with some crazy Rainbows.

Me and my friend Amy went to get food stamps in Fayetteville.

On the way back, we ran into Billy Shawn. So we decided to go out west and stopped at the Rainbow camp in Stillwater, Oklahoma. That's when I decided to start being with Billy Shawn. It was crazy at that camp - just typical Rainbow weirdness. I had a good peyote meeting and me and Billy Shawn headed west and ended up in Houston, Texas. Me and Billy decided to hitch to the peyote fields alone. We hitch hiked in and slept there for two nights and had some intense trips come down in the fields. We ran out of water, got dehydrated, had to walk out of the peyote fields with holes in my moccasins. I was full of cactus prickles from picking peyote. Me and Billy both had staph.

We then hitch hiked to Jemez Hot Springs, New Mexico, to eat all the peyote we had picked and mellow out. We took a lot of hot baths and sweats and ate the peyote and healed ourselves. It was August, 1975. We decided to go pick apples. So we hitched up and stopped at my folks' in northern California on the way. I got my father real stoned on peyote and tripped him out. He couldn't understand where I was at.

So we went up and picked apples and made a lot of money. Then we hitch hiked to Arizona towards Bisbee - bought a truck in Tucson. We drove to Bisbee and hung out with the crazy gypsies. We lived in a cave for a while. Me and Billy had a loose relationship, I thought, but he sure got up tight if I made love to anyone else. He did, but he didn't want me to.

Billy got busted for driving while intoxicated and had to pawn the truck to get out of jail. We ran into Bear and Peanut and we all ended up moving to this place called Montezuma Ranch out of Bisbee on this Christian's farm. It was a crazy movie living with Bear and Peanut. Me and Peanut fought because I had made love to Bear in Arkansas because he told me he was single, but he had an old lady. Peanut was crying on Bear all the time, afraid he was going to leave her. So all of us took acid together a few times and started getting along OK.

Peanut and Billy and them went up to the Desert House near

Tucson and brought Phil Coyote back once to Montezuma Ranch. They all drank wine that night and got totally crazy and flipped out. Billy was really jealous about me and Phil Coyote. He almost strangled me to death if it wasn't for Bear and Phil saving me. They had to hog-tie Billy and put Thorazine down him to mellow him out. It's just when he drinks he's like that.

The next day Bear and Peanut and Phil Coyote decided to leave because it was so flipped out. I almost went with them, but I decided to stay because I felt sorry for Billy and I thought I was pregnant. So we stayed a little while and let Billy heal up. Then we went to New Mexico to find some hot springs. We found the San Francisco Hot Springs near Reserve and healed there for a couple of months. Did a lot of saunas. I was pregnant. Billy quit drinking while he was there and mellowed out a whole lot.

We went to see Jay Sun and Feather. There ended up being an un-called Rainbow Council at their place. Peter So Happy, Chamai and some other nice folks were there. Kilo and Marsha were there. Jay Sun ran everybody off because the council had been called at his place without telling him. Me and Billy were sick with the swine flu. So Jay Sun and Feather let us stay a little longer. Then me and Billy and Kilo and Marsha got a little cabin outside of Reserve. Jay Sun helped us rent it. Living with Kilo and Marsha was crazy. They fought all the time.

Then the four of us and Kilo and Marsha's kid Boogie went to Stillwater. We went to help out at OM cooking restaurant. When we got there, people were uptight and said they didn't want us. But we hung out there anyway in the house in back. Then we went to southern California to see Billy's father who was a doctor, so I could have a checkup. But I had a miscarriage on the way.

So we decided then to just go up north and wait for the Montana Gathering. We hung out on a river near Nevada city, California, then went to the gathering. We stayed in the Montana Gathering and was in

the bus that turned over at Kalispel, Montana. Then we hitched to the Healing Gathering at Adeline Lake near Chelan, Washington. The Love Family and everybody was there. After those crazy gatherings, we picked apples and made a lot of money and bought a pickup truck. I got pregnant again while picking apples. Billy was drinking a lot. That's all he wanted to do, drink and party. We talked about breaking up, but he wanted to have the baby anyway.

We drove back to the San Francisco River Hot Springs in New Mexico to live for most of the winter in a tent and mellow out. Me and Billy were getting along OK for a while. Billy quit drinking again. Those hot springs always made him quit drinking. Then he started working construction and drinking again and getting a little crazy. I started getting real bitchy because I was pregnant. So we got into a big fight and Billy left me there in the tent and I don't know where he went. So I started staying with a girlfriend who was also pregnant and single and we both got a job planting trees in the forest out of Reserve. We had a lot of fun planting trees with all the crews - we partied and had a good time.

Then I heard from Billy in a letter. He was in Florida where he used to live. He didn't want me there, but I went there because I was pregnant. So I started working there with him with these hippies who ran a recycling blue jeans factory. We sure didn't get along very good. I made quite a bit of money. The baby was born June 20, 1977, in Florida while the New Mexico gathering was going on. Her name was Moonflower Lynn Shawn.

We stayed in Florida until close to Christmas and then went to California and had Christmas with Mother. We met up with Billy's brother and went to the Gila Wilderness. It was freezing cold. We found a cabin. Billy and his brother were both bumming me out. The brother was sleazy and funky. He had a three year old brother with him. So we weren't in the cabin very long because I was too bitchy. So they asked me to drive them to the highway. Then me

and Shawnee stayed in the cabin. Then I got really bummed out because I was alone. Soon as I got my first welfare check, February, 1978, I split to see Billy in Florida. So we stayed in Florida. I was making skirts. We were ready to go to the Oregon Gathering, we didn't go. In April, 1978, Billy got busted for getting drunk and vandalizing our house because the landlord kicked us out and turned off the electricity without telling us. Billy quit drinking and started going to Alcoholics Anonymous. He was fined \$1,000. We picked apples to pay the fine. So we paid it and went to the Barter Fair in Washington and seen old Family we had a blast.

We split to Arizona to pick lemons to have money to head south to Ecuador or Guatemala. We picked lemons one day and quit. You had to wear all these clothes and the lemon baskets are too heavy. Then we went to Healing Waters at Eden before Thanksgiving. We got burned out by their trip and went to pick peyote in Texas. We took the peyote back to Eden. We were brewing peyote tea in the kitchen and the Security Camp Family showed up. We had a hell of a party for about a week - flipped Eden out. We had Thanksgiving at the Peace Camp near Eden.

After Thanksgiving me and Billy went to Tucson to work. We stayed at the house where Shepherd and his cult family were and the Wilderness Family was there too. It was nutty. I got a job in a topless bar. I had a good time making money.

Me, Billy, Janet, Shatay and Faith got our own place. Billy was working construction. Buckwheat was working construction and living with us. I was going to Guatemala but Jimmer came and worked a week and we all decided to go to Hawaii. I met a lady in Hawaii that would have helped me go to Japan to be a nude dancer for four days for \$700, but I didn't have the right connections for that. We lived on the beach for three months. Billy was drinking again. We were getting along and

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breaking up, back and forth, he split on me when we were ready to leave. I felt pretty good about it.

I flew to San Diego with my daughter, picked up my car and drove to Healing Waters. I came to the Arizona Gathering from Eden and here I am.

[In the spring 1985, Vicki Golden Bear reportedly married Phil Coyote, who took part in prayer groups with her and Two Bulls, another Rainbow person during 1982 and '83. Vicki and Phil are now running a child care center in Nevada. Crazy John and Rainbow Bear went by to visit them on the way to the 1989 Nevada Gathering.]